

Blackmail, Data Buzz

Can you fake it one more time
Just one more to ad the line
All my traded losses leave at last
To the taste of a faking past

Nothing seems worth saving
You got me dissipating

Stimulation makes me glad
Im expanding on the things I had
All the things that made those kings and queens
Intending on their self esteem

Nothing seems worth saving

Now Im waiting for the end
Just waiting and dont pretend
Here we enter and we don't look back
Before you got me on my neck

Nothing seems worth saving...